UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Liberalism Disturbs the Catholic Hour - - - - - - - - *John Malick*

The Strange Case of Historian Toynbee - - - - - - - - - *Victor S. Yarros*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Amnesty

Most Americans believe that conscientious objectors who are still in prison should be freed, according to a poll by the American Institute of Public Opinion.

The Gallup canvassers asked the question: "During the war, some conscientious objectors were sent to prison for refusing to serve in any way in the armed forces. Do you think these men should now be let out of prison?" The answers of those polled were as follows: Yes, 69%; No, 23%; No Opinion, 8%.

Of the World War II veterans quizzed, 61% thought that the COs should now be released from jail. This bears out the findings of previous informal surveys conducted by the "inquiring photographer" columns of various newspapers.

Strongest opinion for freeing the COs was held by persons with some college training, 77% of them answering Yes, 18% No, and 5% No Opinion. More women than men favored the objectors' release:

	Yes	No	No Opinion
Men	65%	27%	8%
Women ...	73	19	8

The New Hampshire CIO State Council has called upon President Truman to grant amnesty to conscientious objectors. Special endorsement of the National CIO's pro-amnesty stand had been voted in December by the New Jersey and Rhode Island CIO conventions.

In a letter to the Committee for Amnesty, Secretary-Treasurer Patrick E. Gorman of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America announced his union's stand in favor of an immediate amnesty for political prisoners.

Local 112 of the Textile Workers Union-CIO in New Hampshire has also gone on record for amnesty.

The American Veterans Committee in Massachusetts included amnesty for conscientious objectors in the platform adopted at its recent state convention in Boston. It was urged in a section of the platform dealing with civil liberties.

—*Amnesty Bulletin.*

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EDITORIAL

American liberals appear to be unprepared for America's new role in world affairs. This is evident in the division of opinion in liberal circles over the March 12th proposals of the President. There is great difference of opinion on what America should do in the Mediterranean and how it should be done.

There are liberals who do not want America to run counter to Russian policy in the Mediterranean and who oppose giving military aid to Greece and Turkey. And they would condition relief to Greece on political changes in her internal affairs. Such a position seems to me to be unrealistic in regard to our relation to Russia and not immediately feasible in relation to the needs and internal politics of Greece. I do not question the importance of changes in the politics of Greece, and I have no scruples against using dollars and bread as instruments of bringing about democratic changes in the internal affairs of countries with which we deal. But the current international situation and the internal needs of Greece are such that immediate and unconditional aid on our part appears to be imperative.

Other liberals believe that the ends sought by the President's proposals should have first been sought through the United Nations. There is much to be said for this position; but it should be borne in mind that this procedure would also have had its risks in the possibility of unreasonable delay, in the likely exercise of the veto, and in the precipitation of a major crisis within the United Nations. A weak American foreign policy would be no aid in the development of a strong United Nations.

Still other liberals frankly regard Russia as a danger to the liberty and the peace of the world. They are not willing to risk their heritage of liberty in the hands of any totalitarian system; and they believe in a firm Ameican policy directed against the expansion of Russia and her sphere of influence. This position I believe to be essentially sound.

It is not surprising that liberals have different opinions on international matters, for freedom of inquiry and discussion is of the essence of the liberal position. But it would be a great pity if liberals allow themselves to become so divided on international issues that they cannot get together on domestic issues. The role of America as the dominant force on the world scene makes it imperative that liberal principles dominate in the American scene. American action on a world-wide front can be justified only by the maintenance and extension of liberal beliefs and policies on a world-wide scale. But America cannot be liberal abroad and reactionary at home. Our domestic and foreign policies are of one piece. Hence the importance of a strong liberal movement in behalf of liberal policies, liberal candidates, and liberal legislation. America is on the world scene to stay; and our chief concern now should be to see to it that American power is exercised by liberals at home, with liberals abroad, and for liberal purposes.

Curtis W. Reese.

Liberalism Disturbs the Catholic Hour

JOHN MALICK

What is the situation? Msgr. Sheen says it is this way. Liberalism has run out. It made man the measure of all things and gave him the idea that he could save himself. This being all wrong, it is a happy circumstance that Liberalism is dying. This clears the place for the new religion which is in the offing. The new rivalry will not be for markets but for souls. There will be just two kinds of religion. One will want an absolute religion, not just 75 per cent but 100 per cent right. The new knowledge having retired all other absolutes, this will be the only one left on the earth. The line of cleavage will be that one will have the God-man and the other the man-God. The Devil will not go slithering around disguised as a serpent, as in Eden, nor in the various disguises assumed in Faust. He will be disguised as a church. This will give him a complete hideout. No one ever would think of looking in a church for him. When people cease to believe in him at all, he gets in his best work. The Devil is the ape of God and this new kind of church is the ape of the true church. Jesus will be called the Great Humanitarian, the greatest man who ever lived. All religious people, Catholic, Protestant, and Jew—the Jews too—should get together as fellow travelers for God and his Divine Son, against this new anti-Christ who says that Jesus is just one of all his divine sons. It requires no extensive research to see that the most disturbing part of this ape church goes under the name Unitarian. It is aping the true church on the larger scale.

Msgr. Sheen speaks as representative of two distinct organizations, one political, the other spiritual or, better, ecclesiastical. The official title of the head of the political part is, "Sovereign of the State of Vatican City." It takes seven titles to name the head of the ecclesiastical part: Vicar of Christ, Successor of St. Peter, Bishop of Rome, Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province, Primate of Italy, Patriarch of the West, and Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church. Both Jesus and Peter would have to work up on a lot of history to know what these titles mean. The first head took over in 42 A.D., the last in 1939 A.D. In the intervening years, over 280 persons have had the distinction. The story is that something exceedingly precious goes through these men from first to last. It is this alone that gives the church its distinction. There are some disturbing breaks here and there in the line of transmission that would give pause to the thoughtful.

It is thought to be nicer church manners to deal only with the political aspects of the church. Msgr. Sheen himself has opened up this other matter, its spiritual claims. It is as he says, Liberalism has done something to his orthodoxy. It has done something to all kinds, both secular and ecclesiastical. Too, there is pressing need to recoup in the New World the losses sustained in the Old. Liberalism said, still says, that man on his own, with just what he brings into the world with him, can go on and reach all that this kind of world has for him either here or beyond the stars. To this Msgr. Sheen says "No." If man depends upon this alone he will end up in a condition less than nothing and nowhere. It takes what he says his church has to keep one from being a total loss, let alone having something worth salvaging. Two groups got alarmed about the inroads of Liberalism and said that they must go back to fundamental doctrines. One of these is called Papal Fundamentalists, the other just Fundamentalists, that is Protestant. Liberalism has diluted Protestantism more than it has Catholicism which always throws Liberals out bodily. Protestants usually let them stay in, in fact have no one authorized to throw them out. Like a rotten apple in a barrel, they infect the whole lot. Catholicism has this merit of never weakening. It may lose a country or the world but it never waters its product down for the market. This is its strength. This position is safe enough and impregnable. Not having its base in any field of learning, nothing that can come in any field of learning in a thousand years can affect its position. The atomic bomb might end the Church with the rest of us but this could not affect her doctrines about matters beyond earth and time.

As far as doctrine is the issue, Papal and Protestant Fundamentalists could have come together. Other reasons kept them apart but they are not theological. Most Protestant Fundamentalists are in small groups headed by those who would rather be the big fellows in a little church than little fellows in a big church, as they likely would be in Catholicism. In Protestantism, one may pick out his chapter and verse, hire an empty store, get out some printed matter, get on the radio, and be quite a fellow in a short time, with dollars coming in. It gives the feeling of being somebody at the top of things. The Catholic Church trains and disciplines her men rigidly. She does not permit taking a three-month Bible course and setting up as a competitor in the church business.

Catholics do not like Protestants, of course, but they dislike them only as competitors in the same line. Catholics naturally dislike Liberals much more. They challenge the very foundation of this monopoly business of both Catholics and Protestants. Liberals say it is wholly imaginary business. Catholics know that Liberals are their real competitors. One who wants to think things through, or does not want to think of them at all, never would choose Protestantism. Its upper levels are shot through with heresy. A lot of Liberals are hiding out in the upper brackets of Protestantism. One might be willing to give up getting either Orthodoxy or Liberalism straight for the sake of the atmosphere at a certain social and cultural level. One could not imagine a man who had been around as much as Heywood Broun choosing any branch of Protestantism. One could not imagine Irving Cobb choosing it. He died wondering if a minister could be found in Paducah, Kentucky, who would read Cobb's own homemade statement of belief and not send him to perdition in the Kentucky funeral fashion. One could not imagine Hendrik W. Van Loon and Pierre Van Paassen choosing Protestantism. These men had had enough of it in their backgrounds either here or in Europe. One might choose the Catholic Church as the one unchanging distributor of the Christian product. If one does not want to take a chance on the universe with his own mind; if he wonders whether there is even a gambler's chance that the universe might throw him to the void; if one is tired of civilization and the high fever called living—millions are—he might choose the Catholic Church. Some always would. They are made that way in all the ways

there are to be made. Others never would. Msgr. Sheen would not make a dent on them in fifty years. They might admire the Catholic Church as an efficient business organization, as a great artistic spectacle, as a wise physician of souls, or as big scale drama, but never would be affected in the least by her representations of man's condition and what to do about it.

Msgr. Sheen's organization stands at the entrance and the exit gates, birth and death. If you can control these two, you can control about everything between. He and his fellows know more about birth than those of all other fields combined. Everybody knows now about two specks of life coming together and if let go will grow into six or eight pounds in nine months. In any particular case it might be tragically necessary to keep these two specks of life from coming together. Just how to do this is now known. It is a major discovery of our time. Against all that all other men know, and against all social statistics, Msgr. Sheen knows that these specks of life should not be prevented from coming together. With some special information slipped to him through his church, he knows that notwithstanding all the evidence to the contrary, the effect of keeping them from coming together is eternally fatal. The name of this discovery is Birth Control. It has been out long enough now to be in every Board of Health and Clinic. Msgr. Sheen and his bachelor aggregation, on the authority of another bachelor two thousand years ago, know that the use of Birth Control technique is a mortal sin, whatever that is. He and his fellows invented it and know what it is. It always is allowable to challenge the credibility of a witness on the basis of the kind of testimony given in previous cases. The Church has passed upon scientific discoveries in every century. She has been almost uniformly mistaken. Apart from other evidence there is a presumption that she is wrong about this discovery of our time.

Again, these two specks of life, male and female, take on other material. Everything that goes in is checked to the gram's weight. At some point an immortal soul is slipped in. This well could be. While it does not register on the scales, that does not keep it from being reality. The word "soul" is not used now by the psychologists. It might be just romancing that an immortal soul is slipped in since we do not happen to know definitely about either "immortal" or "soul." But no harm is done more than by other forms of imaginative literature. One might be a lot better for believing that he has an immortal soul whether he has or not. If it is fiction it is pleasant fiction.

But the difficulty is that it is an infected soul that is slipped in. It seems that the Creator with all his ingenuity and wealth of material was able to make sound bodies for all the babies. In spite of all the follies of all the ancestors babies usually are physically wellborn. Very careful provision was made against body infection being inherited. But the Creator's ingenuity and material were not enough to provide brand-new souls for brand-new bodies. Each soul slipped in has an inherited infection. It could not have it in any other way than by inheritance. It seems to be like an automobile manufacturer putting out an all-new car but slipping in a dead battery. The comparison is apt, for these souls are represented as dead too. You have to do something to them, it is called Baptism, before they will spark. Msgr. Sheen and his fellows know what to do to stop the ravages of this infection. More marvelous still, they actually know what to do to change the attitude of the universe from "You miserable little sinner," to "You precious little thing, child of mine now." That certainly is a lot to know and very distinctive, since no one else knows it. This baby under consideration is up to this point the speculative product of bachelors only. Then for further nurture it is turned over to unmarried women whose only possible knowledge of babies is by hearsay.

This bachelor organization comes in again at marriage and knows what no one else knows, the dire results of cross breeding a follower of Augustine with a follower of John Calvin. The result biologically seems to be quite as good as Catholic mating with Catholic. Msgr. Sheen knows something about death that no one else knows. The dead are in very different case if he and his men get there before life goes out to do what they only can do and speak their special words. They know the effect on the very soil in which the body is buried if they speak words over it. This does not show in any soil analysis. It happens that all soil is holy ground in a scientific sense. Most effectively it disposes of our germs and purifies our various pollutions. If these churchmen really can do something to soil they ought to be asked or drafted to do it. We have a lot of soil that needs a shot of something. More amazing still, they know just where the dead body is geographically and when it will emerge free. This organization is here with an accumulated reputation. If not here it could not be started now in the kind of world it is known to be. One would think that you could not find enough people to take these things seriously to keep it going. There might be enough people to make a small church, like the Quaker or Unitarian, but certainly not to make the largest church of the Christian kind.

There is a curious difference in standards for clergy and laymen. The counsel of perfection for clergy, and for women of highest vocation, is race suicide. The childless would end the race. The laity has to be content with much less than this childless perfection. They have to go on with an unrestricted birth rate to keep up the population. Some of these speculations cannot be checked, but their social results can be. The most far-reaching anti-social influence of Msgr. Sheen's institution is in this field where birth and the education of children are. All that pertains to marriage and divorce has been worked out and enforced by the sexless. No reason is known why the clergy of any group should be authority on such matters. A serious student of such things does not consult them as churchmen. If they are social experts on the side, that would give them the right to speak. In the matters of faith they may be authority, drawing their credentials as they do from a world that is gone. To be authority on these other matters called moral relations, requires being up on the last minute information.

What gives Msgr. Sheen's institution its strangle hold? Two matters. If one does what he should not, does the universe hold it up against him? Can it be fixed up either before death or after? Can the universe be prevailed upon to say, "Now that devilish thing you did to Joe Doakes, that is all right. I have forgotten about it completely." Does the universe say that? Does it even know about the matter at all? If so, has it designated someone to say for it, "Think no more about it. All is forgiven." Obviously such a person would have top place in human affairs. The assumption is that the universe did designate such a person to speak for it, and that Msgr. Sheen and his colleagues get what they have

from him. In fixing things up the right people always have to be seen. Msgr. Sheen's organization has in it the only ones who have to be seen to really fix it.

The story is that the universe authorized one man to forgive sin. The one so empowered passed it along. It has come down to this generation. You see them on the street, the young theologians, who are learning what it takes to be able to say just how the universe feels about every grade of offense, and just the size penalty the universe wants meted out so that it can feel right about it and forget it altogether. These young fellows are to be a part of this monopoly business of forgiving sin. All we know about it is that one person may feel this way toward another. Whether it is a good thing for a person to be forgiven depends upon the special circumstances of each situation. Whether it should be done to the same person seventy times seven is ethically doubtful. The test of sacrifice is what it does to the person sacrificed for. The quality of forgiveness must depend upon what it does to the person forgiven. The Chinese have a saying that if one loves and forgives his enemies, what has he left for his friends? Indeed, one might just as well be enemy as friend.

Anyone who believes that such authority is put into the hands of a human being, certainly would go right into a Catholic Seminary and learn how to do it. The representation is that a normally intelligent person can get what it takes. Bright boys usually are urged to run for President or to be big corporation executives. These are really small-change jobs compared with being the representative of the universe to forgive sin in its name. Suppose one really could say to Capone or Insull, "Forget it. We wipe it off the blotter." Any door marked "Private" would fly right open for anyone who can do it. The head of the largest organization in the world would say to his secretary, "If Mr. Blank, President of General Motors, or Mr. Blank, President of U. S. Steel comes, I am not in, but if one of Msgr. Sheen's fellows comes, send him right in." One in big business is likely to pile up big sins, if any, and stands particularly in need of a high ranking specialist who knows how to deal with them. If this is really believed, anyone with a spark of ambition would want to be a priest of the church. The theory is that the little fellow way down in the system can do it quite as efficiently as Msgr. Sheen or Cardinal Spellman. But strangely enough Jewish or Protestant boys going to their schools cannot learn to do it, only Catholic boys in their schools. It is not handed down by a Rabbi or a Protesant pastor. Not having it themselves, they cannot pass it along even to their own boys. It is something that is passed along only by those who have no boys. What is there here of reality? One guess is just as good as another. Msgr. Sheen has not a line of information that is not common property. It is found in all the libraries. It is purely speculative at every stage.

Then this other claim that makes a hold a clinch. What does one get into after death, and is there anything that can be done in advance about it? The representation is that there is something that can be put into people that will preserve them indefinitely in the happiest condition. Here is something really superlatively colossal if it can be done. Neither Roosevelt, Churchill, nor Stalin at the height of his war powers could do anything like that. Against this speculation, the Liberal puts up one of his own, namely: it is that neither Msgr. Sheen nor his fellows, nor any Protestant, nor any Jewish man, nor any representative of any religion of the world, ever had the least to do with the condition of a single person after death. One in the same business as Msgr. Sheen is not so much impressed with his claims. The popular fallacy is that he has something that no one else has seen or heard about, a kind of Divine Scoop. Anyone may see for himself every line from which he draws his authority. It is all open-shelf stuff. All theological students know about it. It is stock learning for the training of Rabbis and Protestant ministers as well. Any well-read person may have covered most of it. Librarians are quite familiar with it.

Most from which Msgr. Sheen draws was given first to Jews. The very fountain head of his church, that gives it its every claim, was a Jew. Then the Jewish people let this monopoly slip out of their hands to the Romans who never have released it. Italians will have voting advantage for centuries to come. This leaves the Jewish people quite out of the thing that came first to them. Protestants require no separate treatment. The Protestant book of authority was all selected by Catholics a thousand years before there was a Protestant. There is no Protestant Bible in the sense that they either wrote or selected any part of it.

Liberalism had been going one hundred and fifty years in this country, little respectable churches, each with its own man saying it their way and not his. They always were spoken of as nice, inoffensive people who thought that anything sincerely believed by anybody must be all right. Then this old theology came flooding back so threateningly that Liberalism started in to say again what it had said one hundred and fifty years before when the first fight with Calvinism was on. Orthodoxy had come back in this old malignant form. Unitarians happen to be the only Liberal group that took up the challenge. Other Liberals were even deader than Unitarians, all little companies of people who liked to be together. One of Liberalism's best allies always had been Reform Judaism. The war beat the life out of Judaism as one of the fighting liberal forces. It came more and more under the spell of Catholics and Protestants, lulling it to inactivity with words of Brotherhood and Good Will. Unitarians not being represented in this friendship pool were not lured into inactivity. They were stirred to new militancy. Both Catholics and Protestants went right on with their ambitious schemes, each to take the world from the other or to divide it between them. Liberals are quite as much against Protestants taking the world over as against Catholics taking it over. To them a Protestant Dulles can be as pernicious in world affairs as a Catholic Spellman.

Then Liberalism started to spread itself in volume production. If there was anything that one could safely throw into the wastebasket without reading, and without loss, it was the usual material sent out by churches. From it one got both a low estimate of God and of human intelligence. Liberalism suffered from this general reputation of church literature. To many, Liberalism is just another church without distinction. No church before had put out just its kind of literature. Its foundation assumptions, its whole appeal and approach, were new to Western religion. Liberalism always has been fortunate in having a number of the best writers. At one time it had most of them. This material is not in competition with the old line church tract. The same mind could not possibly be convinced by both.

This is the first church presentation that has not capitalized the fear of some kind of perdition, either

mentioned straight out to terrorize or subtly hinted at enough to alarm. It is the first writing carrying a church stamp to use all the new information without apology. It appeals to common sense, that is, the sense of the common man. It submits for the first time in Western church history a Keeper of human destiny at least as good as the common man and by the same standards. It compliments men by asking them to use their heads. This material never suggests that something dire and dreadful will happen to one who does not believe it. The farthest it goes is to say to those who do not believe it that they most likely have exercised poor judgment.

The difference between Msgr. Sheen and Liberalism is basic and never can be reconciled. Both points of view have been revised and restated. For the first time in a century they have become news. Each gets a page in *Time*. Msgr. Sheen uses the technique of saying, as if with authority, the same thing over and over again without change until it is believed. It alternates between arrogance and persuasion, between the closed fist and the open palm. It stresses that there are eternal consequences for not believing it just as stated, and other consequences, eternal too, from believing it. This is a great help in getting anything believed, if one has those about who will let it be worked on them. This technique has been used effectively recently to get political speculations believed. It wrecked Europe and just about wrecked the world. There is no evidence that its use is less deadly in getting theological speculation believed. Both say that they want all of every man, especially the best of him. Both say, "We want your soul." Uniformity is the virtue of virtues, and non-conformity the sin of sins. The technique of Liberalism is at the opposite pole, depending as it does in all fields, upon the democratic process. Liberalism simply has nothing to say over and over again without change. Most of its stuff has not been said before, certainly never in concert.

The point of disagreement is as to the aptness of the ape church analogy, the Liberal church being the ape. Here Msgr. Sheen rises to evolutionary language. His organization is said to be the only one outside the evolutionary plan. It is represented as having been complete at the start. Its first day was its best. This does not seem to hold of anything else. Ape does suggest a remote ancestor. Ape church suggests a remote ancestor church. Liberals would argue that. Liberals already have incorporated into belief a lot of things that Msgr. Sheen's church will have to fight a hundred years yet before admitting their truth. Liberals feel quite sure that the ape analogy is chronologically not so apt. There is high probability that it is not an ancestor church but the next stage, tomorrow.

The Strange Case of Historian Toynbee

VICTOR S. YARROS

The second World War interrupted the labors of the eminent English historian, Arnold J. Toynbee, who had written and published six volumes of *A Study of History*. In this country this remarkable work attracted very little attention, except possibly in small academic circles. I recall an elaborate article by Lewis Mumford in *The New Republic* in which he commended this work warmly and spoke not only of the author's cyclopedic erudition and scholarship, but also of his enlightened liberalism. Mumford compared Toynbee with Spengler, and other pseudo-scientific historians and eulogized the former's "civilized" outlook and his sound, philosophical approach.

I decided to read the six volumes and anticipated both pleasure and profit. In 1942 I found them in a public library and devoured them. Many pages I read several times. The author's generalizations, definitions, and theories impressed me deeply and I pondered and weighed them earnestly.

The war ended, and Toynbee, the press reported, was again free to devote himself to his great task. He had served his government as adviser and guide on foreign affairs and problems, and it was of course assumed that his knowledge of ancient and modern history had proved of exceptional value and utility to British diplomacy.

The fact that the Study was incomplete and that, according to reports, three additional volumes were contemplated by Toynbee caused me, as no doubt it did many others of his admiring readers, to suspend judgment respecting certain affirmations, conclusions, and arguments which raised questions and doubts in one's mind. No fair-minded inquirer or student cares to indulge in hasty criticism of an author who inspires him with sympathy and confidence.

Now, however, the publication of an abridged edition of the Study in one volume (of less than six hundred pages), by a follower of Toynbee, has stimulated fresh and lively interest in, and discussion of, the work and the concepts and interpretations therein advanced. But the discussion is by no means one-sided or completely favorable. Indeed, some reviewers are not only critical, but frankly adverse. Among the defects and weaknesses that have been pointed out are unwarranted generalizations, surprising and arbitrary classifications, eccentric notions, circular reasoning, and mixtures of pseudo-science and theological fundamentalism, not to say credulity and superstition!

Many of Toynbee's admirers must have been shocked by such harsh comments, but lack of enthusiasm is discernible even in the more favorable comments and appraisals of the Study.

Let us glance at some of the criticisms leveled at Toynbee. One of his major theses, and one which he stresses again and again is that civilization arises and develops in response to a challenge. Of course, the response to the challenge comes from the tribes or communities directly affected by it. If the challenge is too severe, there is no response; or, if a civilization does arise, it soon succumbs to the severe and impossible conditions, and disappears. If the challenge is slight, no response follows; no civilization comes into being. The challenge must be of just the right amount to bring forth the response in the form of an enduring civilization.

What is the significance of this theory? Where a civilization has existed, we are told, there was the right challenge to produce it. If no civilization exists, we

are to conclude that there was no challenge, or that the challenge was too severe, or not severe enough, to mobilize human strength and human resources. If a civilization is in process of decay and disintegration, we are bound to conclude that the challenge is losing its power, or else that it is becoming too severe. In all of this there is no guidance, no stimulus to action. No light is thrown on the problems facing contemporary civilizations.

One of Toynbee's minor theories is embodied in the formula, "withdrawal and return." History is supposed to show that the true and successful leaders of a society find it necessary to suspend their activities after a time, retire to the country, or to some remote place, and following reflection and heart-searching, return to their role and mission. Even if history supported this opinion, it would hardly be regarded as an important discovery. But history affords no support for it. Toynbee refers to Machiavelli and Lenin, and finds in their careers instances of "withdrawal and return." Actually, Lenin never withdrew from his revolutionary activity. Like many Russian intellectuals who fought czarism and landlordism, Lenin had to flee to Switzerland in order to avoid arrest and punishment, but he continued his work abroad, writing books and pamphlets, conferring with Russian conspirators, giving advice, and closely observing political and economic developments in Russia. Machiavelli wrote his famous *Prince* after his retirement, but he never returned to diplomacy or practical politics.

Such lapses, however, might be passed over. What has disappointed and astonished liberal and radical thinkers and doers is Toynbee's total surrender to theological and religious superstition—yes, sheer and incredible superstition. Many scholars choose to call themselves Christians merely because they accept what they consider the essential ethical doctrines of Christianity. This is irrational enough, but it is understandable. We have learned to make allowances for this illogical weakness. But Toynbee goes far beyond a pardonable suspension of critical and candid judgment in dealing with so-called Christian ethics. Here is one of his amazing passages:

> At this hour of decision at which we now live, it is meet and right that all men and women in the western world who have been baptised into Christ . . . should call upon the Vicar of Christ to vindicate his tremendous title. . . . To the apostle at Rome our forefathers committeed the destiny of western civilization, which was the whole of their treasure.

What can Unitarians, Agnostics, Rationalists, and Atheists say about such sentiments as these? What can faithful and consistent Protestants think of the appeal to the pope and the wholly unwarranted admission that he *is* the Vicar of Christ? Here we have assumption piled upon assumption. Jesus is called Christ, that is, savior and redeemer. Toynbee knows that thousands of educated and enlightened men and women reject this assumption as well as the childish idea that humanity needs a "savior," and can have one. Jesus, as Toynbee is aware, is not the only savior. Millions of human beings have believed in other saviors and redeemers, and have imagined these to be divine, born of virgins, sons of God. Toynbee believes—on what grounds, we are not informed—that all the other saviors were self-deluded persons, and their followers ignorant and superstitious. Only Jesus of Nazareth was, and is, the real, the authentic, savior; only he was divine and "God's only begotten son." Can these pseudo-ideas be taken seriously in our day? Is it not a waste of time and energy even to attempt to refute them?

If Jesus was not the Messiah that the Jews were praying and hoping for—and the Jews properly repudiated that claim—then the pope is not the vicar of Christ. Why should Protestants turn to him and expect him to perform a miracle—to vindicate his title, save Western civilization, bring peace and harmony to the confused, divided world? And what, pray, are the pope's qualifications for this mission? Is he infallible, as the more credulous Catholics say they believe? Are not popes elected by cardinals after all manner of deals, bargains, maneuvers? Some popes have been sincere and intelligent persons, other popes licentious and scheming politicians. Vicars of Christ, indeed! What humbug!

It is safe to say that A. H. S. Crossman, M.P., labor leader and one of the editors of the London *New Statesman,* a journal of Socialist and Agnostic opinion, speaks for all rationalists and secularists when he asks and answers this question: "Are we to dismiss *A Study of History* as an English imitation of German pseudo-science? So far as the superstructure is concerned, the answer is certainly: Yes. There is nothing novel that is not faulty in the method of inquiry." And Crossman's final judgment of Toynbee's work is devastating. It runs as follows:

> Toynbee is a secular Thomist who revolts in horror from the results of modern man "to live like God." . . . He rejects the free man's faith in his own reason as presumptuous. . . . God alone can save, he concludes, through his chosen instrument, the Vatican. . . . It is a melancholy reflection on our age that one of Britain's leading historians should have so far lost his faith in the values of civilization that he must hope for a revival of myths and legends in which he himself cannot believe and of an ecclesiastical authority from whose shackles science and democracy have sought to liberate the minds of men.

Toynbee, unlike Spengler, refuses to despair of humanity or of Western civilization. It is not, he says, inexorably doomed. There is still a chance to preserve it, and even to improve it, if the great powers manage to reconcile their differences, to build up the United Nations, renounce the dogma of total national sovereignty, and agree to submit future disputes to adjustment by independent and impartial international agencies. It is consoling to know that we are not damned and lost in Toynbee's opinion. But his authority as a guide and historian cannot be considered very high by rationalists and scientific or philosophical students of humanity's past.

With this issue, and until further notice, the size of UNITY is increased from 16 to 20 pages, and the frequency of publication is changed from monthly to bimonthly. This is made necessary by an increase in printing costs of approximately 100 per cent in the past three years. Adjustment in subscription expiration dates will be made for subscribers upon request.

The Mythology of the Profit Motive

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

Thanks to numerous ills that can no longer be ignored, it has become almost orthodox to challenge the profit motive as the power behind the wheels of society. Yet I sometimes wonder whether the focus of the attack is well-chosen; whether our failure to make any real progress against the acknowledged evils of the profit-seeker is not due to a false perspective.

On all sides—in corruption, greed and waste, blatant inequality, political decay, and social strife—we see the results of the profit motive. We observe it in legislators shamelessly bribed, businessmen shamelessly exploiting the public resources, vast organized groups producing scarcity for the sake of gain, rising prices that threaten to burst the country's economic seams, periodic depressions, luxury, squalor and discontent, the war of the classes, and the failure to provide adequate food, clothing, and housing for great masses of the people. All these evils and many others, including the profiteering and the imperialism that encourage war itself, are so well-known as scarcely to require mention; yet despite the accumulation of woes that daily pile higher, and despite vigorous attacks by proponents of "production for use," the ancient incentive continues to be passionately espoused.

It is true that the most evident alternative, Communism, would probably entail even greater disadvantages than the profit system for those of us who value individual freedom. It is also true that a second alternative, State Socialism, is merely a partial remedy to the extent to which it has anywhere been tried to date, and moreover would involve dangerous bureaucratic possibilities. Yet something tantamount to Communism or State Socialism, I believe we must concede, is inevitable sooner or later unless something be done to mitigate present strains and stresses.

But what can be done to mitigate present strains and stresses? It seems to me that much might be accomplished by a shifting of our social perspectives; by a puncturing of the mythologies that have grown up about the profit motive. And if "mythologies" seems too strong a word, let us rub the mist off our eyes, and observe with fresh vision just what the profit motive really is. Let us, first of all, divest ourselves of the fable that the profit motive is one of the necessities of nature; that the seeker of profit is ruled by inexorable law in his quest of survival. It is undeniable that a great number of men, as society is now constituted, must make profits in order to live; but it cannot be maintained that the majority must make the profits that they seek, or that in certain cases profits are necessary at all. The fundamental fact about profit-making is that some of the worst of the evils—the corruption, the waste of resources, the inequities of distribution, the strife of the classes—arise not because men are satisfying the basic necessities of existence, but because certain men demand the superfluities of existence, or power and prestige and sense of personal triumph that are less tangible even than ordinary superfluities.

Consider, briefly, an example. A youth, his ideas still unformed, enters the modern school, and is faced with the problem of choosing a career. But every career that he comes to discuss has a dollar sign attached. He is not asked, as a general rule, how he can best develop whatever powers nature has given him, how he can be of greatest service to his fellow man, nor even how he can win the maximum happiness and sense of personal fulfillment. On all sides he hears his schoolmates discussing how they can make the most money; he finds his teachers encouraging the same attitude of mind; he observes his fellows looking with a sense of awe and of hero-worship toward the multi-dollared men, the Fords, Morgans, and Rockefellers, regardless of how these personages came into their millions. The Fords, Morgans, Rockefellers, and their kind, in fact, emerge as the gods of his pantheon—perched high in the upper empyrean, far beyond the grasp of the mere neophyte, but nonetheless representing ideals to keep in mind, goals to reach for, heights to be attained. And so the youth, unconsciously following the mythology of the profit motive, will dedicate his days to money-making. He may not realize it, but his ruling power will be religious more than economic, and he will be following the goal of profit a little in the spirit in which the youth of an earlier day may have set out on a Crusade or sailed to find the golden apples of the Hesperides.

Let us suppose that our man turns out to be among the successful few; that, as the years go by, he becomes unusually adept in accumulating money, and reaps his thousands as most men earn their pence. It is possible that he will now be even more avid of profit than in the days before he had a bank account; that he will weave and wriggle, plot and battle to augment his swollen resources, quite careless of the cries of multitudes crushed beneath his boot. Can one say that the profit motive for him represents one of the necessities of existence? Indeed, can one regard it as an economic force at all, insofar as economics are concerned with needs rather than desires? On the contrary, is it not clear that extraneous factors—the quest for power, and the inbred doctrine that profits are to be courted at all costs—have caught the man in their grip? Is he not, in other words, a convert to the modern mythology, the mythology that makes of profits a more necessary and worthy objective than humanity or service, art or beauty or wisdom? And is he not confirmed in this position by the praise, the admiration that rain about him as about the throne of a potentate, the envy of emulous masses, the flattery of cheers and of imitation that may stifle any faint questioning voice within him? Since he has been lauded for filling his own coffers, and since his greed has been exalted as a major virtue, why should he not fill his coffers, why should be not be greedy?

Moreover, if he has been drilled in the orthodox economic creeds, he will find justification for his position and methods. In the books of the conservative economists—those that stem from Adam Smith and the other utilitarian philosophers that have lent comfort to the profit seekers of two centuries—he will see a text to condone every one of his actions. He will be informed, for example, that if a man has two crates of apples to sell, it will pay him better to sell one crate at ten and a tenth cents a pound and destroy the other than to sell both at five cents a pound—the fact that many needy users will be deprived of apples should play no part in his reckoning. Or if he can reap greater dividends from a strip of farmland by turning it into a desert with the gold dredge than by selling it to potential orchardists and vineyardists, then it is fitting and

proper—in fact, it is demanded by the profit motive—that he turn the land into a desert. Certainly, this is not in accordance with the economic necessities of the community, but it is in accordance with the necessities of the exploiter, pursuant to the mythology of the profit motive.

It is a curious but seldom-recognized fact that, far from dealing with hard-cut necessities, the putative possessor of millions is really a juggler of fantasies. In so far as he may have his yacht, his private railroad car or his sumptuous estates, there may indeed be a certain reality in his wealth; but in so far as it is confined to figures in a book, to bonds and stocks whose income he never uses, and far-flung assets he neither sees nor utilizes, it is in the realm of dreams and visions. And since it is the quality of vast wealth that its very magnitude forbids its use by its supposed owner except to a comparatively minor extent, the truth is that our great magnates and financiers are participants in a game no more practical than that of the seekers of fabulous grails—so blinded by their own mythology that they cannot tell fact from fiction! And, correspondingly, the millions who aspire to imitate the magnates and financiers, and to rise to the glamour of unutilized and unutilizable riches, are so duped and deluded that they never see themselves as mere chasers of the mirage.

We have all had occasion to wonder at extreme examples of the myth-worshippers: the old woman, shivering and self-starved for years in a garret, who proves after her death to have secreted thousands in bank notes; or the old man, the owner of vast income-bearing properties, who risks a prison sentence and disgrace to increase his returns by a few superfluous dollars through violation of the rent laws. This woman and this man are not really so amazing as they may seem: they are but natural products of the mythology of the profit motive. If one is to accept their premise of the all-importance of profit, it is quite logical to risk starvation and cold or humiliation and jail for the sake of unnecessary gains. If anything be wrong with the reasoning, it is the premises. But the premises are those upon which, to a lesser degree, all men today are encouraged to build.

True, we are not deliberately told to commit fraud; to deny friends, honor, or country; to perjure or bribe, or to dig our fangs into the helpless. But once men have accepted the basic contention, and given of their worship to the god Profit, there will be no logical bar to keep them from committing the above-mentioned offenses and others equally anti-social.

From all this it would seem evident that the thing most in need of change is the central premise upon which the profit system is founded. This does not mean that we must change the mysterious entity known as "human nature"; human nature has proved capable of functioning beneath utterly different sets of compulsions, from the stark militarism of ancient Sparta to the equally profit-renouncing militarism of our own conscripted armies, and from the paternalism of the Incas to the communism of collectivised farms. What we must change is the incentive that sends human nature off upon a particular track. And if we are not to abolish the profit motive entirely, we must see that other incentives exist side by side with it and subordinate it.

We must teach our youth that the dog in the manger is not an admirable beast; that it is not meritorious, but merely wolfish, to accumulate beyond one's power to consume; that a man does more by service to society than by service to his own bank vaults, and that a name won exclusively by self-enrichment is a name not worth having.

It has been shown by Malinowski and other anthropologists that among primitive peoples certain incentives generally overlooked in the modern world—and particularly the incentive of communal praise, along with the equally potent deterrent of communal blame—have been powerful in shaping and preserving the social institutions. Though civilized life be more complicated, there is no reason to suppose the potential psychological forces to be any different—no reason to believe that our youth will not generally seek to do the approved thing, just as they now generally do seek to do the approved thing by obeying the mythology of the profit motive. If that mythology were to be torn apart, and a socially beneficial new set of objectives were to be substituted, the new ideas would unfailingly be accepted by our youth, even as the profit motive has been accepted. This does not mean that there need no longer be any profits; but it does mean that profits would have to be kept in their place; that the man who sought more than he needed would be regarded as a hog rather than as a hero, and that the incentive of unpecuniary rewards would have to be substituted for the pecuniary.

All this, admittedly, would entail great social readjustments, and in particular a thoroughgoing new training of the young, who must be systematically drilled away from the very ideas driven into our youth for generations. But when we consider how the social structure today seems in process of collapsing beneath the unnatural stresses of the profit seekers, it would appear that the deliberate puncturing of the profit mythology and the substitution of standards better suited to modern life is after all a small price to pay, and far from a radical recourse by comparison with the threatened alternative: the ripping down of the dream-tents of the profit-takers by forcible methods that will leave us a fundamentally altered society.

Juke Box Preaching

MANFRED A. CARTER

Various national leaders of organizations now assume that all they need to do is push propaganda buttons and ministers all over the country will pour forth like the "juke boxes" in the corner restaurants. Almost every Sunday in the active season of the church has a label on it. The mass mind has invaded the pulpit. Ministers are asked to become mental robots so that the newspapers will have good copy that a hundred thousand or two hundred thousand churches are all saying the same thing on the same day, or are supposed to. This type of preaching is even more unpleasant than the lighted music box, because in that the customers can at least choose between a dozen or so of platitudinous tunes. In unity there is strength and also stupidity.

Where will it end? Mother's Day was a kindly idea before the florists bought it out. Now we have Father's

Day. Soon someone will think of the Brothers, Sisters, Uncles, Aunts, Grandfathers, Grandmothers, and perhaps there will even be an "Old Maid's Day"—or "Steady Boarder's Sunday." Secretaries could easily save ministers the trouble of thinking for three months by such an extension of the ecclesiastical calendar.

Of course it would be a bit difficult for a minister who stays many years in a church. One Lincoln Day sermon is easy but to do a new one each year requires the mentality of a Carl Sandburg or some other biographer, also the time for research.

To offset this difficulty the various church offices send out literature, a carload a day or a carload a week or even so small an amount as a carload a month, but nevertheless enough so that a minister often loses his important mail in a six-to-ten-inch pile of envelopes on his desk. Many denominations print more waste-paper than a mail order house, and most of it on glossy stock. No wonder the harassed pastor files it in the waste basket.

And what is in this fund of literature? It contains a few poorly written prayers and booster paragraphs. There is a first, a second, and a third on how to name committees, irrespective of the number of people in a congregation. One plan must serve all. There is some very excellent printing and, once in a while, something valuable—just enough to make us sniff hopefully through the pile instead of sweeping the envelopes off the desk at once. Occasionally there may be a good missionary story. Most statistics are old but a few are new. There is never any help in controversy. Secretaries have about as much fighting spirit as the editor of a magazine for the millions. Facts, controversy, and human life are the stuff of experience but we must hunt the newspapers for that.

Is there anything more unpleasant than a scratched record or a needle stuck in the groove? Questionnaires tell us that the reason so many people stay away from church is that the preaching has a tinny sound, and a stale odor. This is a day crying for new truth and for community leadership. It is a day desperately in need of honest hearts and creative preaching, but the religious propaganda dictators would make us slaves. It is a day of syndicated news and pictures. By contagion, if not by choice, we assume that it must be a day of syndicated religion. We accept surrender to the mass mind and death to all personal intelligence. We accept the truth trusts and punish the man who thinks for himself. It is all very comfortable until changing conditions force themselves upon our attention and we discover that individual thought might have saved us. As the large corporations buy up mechanical inventions and kill them to preserve the system, so the church also seeks to prevent change.

How can a minister become excited according to schedule? How can he arouse emotions that he has not felt? How can he change hearts if he has no heart in what he is saying? The lives he has seen during the week sing to him, or cut gashes in his soul, but it is not the time to speak of their problems. He has just read a book on Africa which stirred him to the depths but it is the week for evangelism, or Christian literature, or temperance. Later in the year he knows that his people have put up a petition to take an obnoxious barroom out of the town, but this is the week for missions, even though that living book he read months ago has grown cold. John Smith is about ready to change his life to the Christ road, but this is stewardship Sunday, so the pastor must preach about money. No wonder ministers are accused of emotional hypocrisy. If a man begins with an honest heart he has to make a calendar out of it and cut it up in regular fragments—until it feels nothing at all.

The day when parish ministers were the mental leaders of America has passed. A preacher is supposed to preach deductively from some great man's conclusions, even if that great man is far removed from the heart of the people and actuality. It is almost an insult to ask our more intelligent young men to be ministers now, if this is what they must accept. Church officials tell us in print that they do not want "brilliant" young men but "good average" producers. Average mentalities may prefer to have their thinking done for them but a prophet dies under it.

It may be mere wishful thinking to hope that the menace of mass preaching will be removed in our lifetime, any more than the moronic radio programs, smothering advertising, and unreal formula stories of the magazines and movies. This is inevitably a day of syndicated thought and propaganda; but a free man may refuse to listen and a free preacher may refuse to be a mechanical voice box. Must the novelists be the only prophets of our age?

Unfortunately the average large church today is organized to save itself and not to save the world. There are a few city preachers strong enough to be prophets and hold their jobs, but they are the exceptions. The disturbing preacher today is usually relegated to a country parish, and country people change their minds very slowly. To the village the artist is crazy and the writer is a queer fellow, even if he devotes his life to that community, as some have. Likewise, the village prefers a comfortable old pastor who will fit into their symbolical pattern for him, or a young man so young that they can ignore him—except as a playmate for their boys and girls.

But it is for the youth that a true prophet lives. He may never know what boy or girl is hanging onto his every word, under a camouflage of wiggles. The true sermon is not in books but in growing hearts.

The main business of preaching to an adult congregation may necessarily be that of comforting. Life is too hard for most people, and aids to personal courage are the first demand. But comfort itself demands some coherent understanding of this riotous modern age, if a mind is still alive. A minister is not permitted to take out his own inner conflict by pounding on one key of the organ of truth, or to be a solemn clown without wit or laughter or sympathy. Common courtesy demands good will even in prophecy. If a minister has first spent a year or so proving to his people that he is a Christian, and able to help them with personal problems, he may be astonished at their willingness to bear with him while he talks of world affairs. A few of the more alert minds may even learn from him, and these minds are the hope of tomorrow. Even though the majority do rest back in the cushions of prejudice, a spiritual invention may occur anywhere that two minds make contact.

Many a prophet is too vain of his own opinions. If he will be humble enough to read many books he will find gratitude among people who are too busy to read, and he will have given more to the whole parish than he could have done in many committee meetings. Some think that thought is idleness but it eventually accomplishes more than toil. There is a sweat to the soul

but few souls are exercised enough to show it. Perhaps the "juke box" preaching came to us because so many ministers would rather be busy than thoughtful. The preacher who is a student will also realize that an idea cannot be born out of its time. Even Jesus could not play his part in the drama of existence until the stage was set for him by the Jews. Humility is the key to true prophecy but not excuse for avoiding uncomfortable thoughts which are burning the present age.

Of course it is easier and more comfortable to bow to the dictation of the central office of a denomination. There are many timid souls in the pulpit, men with spiritual anemia or mental paralysis. They may do good work as pastors, and they will probably welcome these artificial sermon programs. They may also rise to Fifth Avenue if they are good businessmen as well. It takes prophetic brawn to defy the officials of the church and preach our own sermons. God grant that it be not a mere egotism but a humble quest for reality of truth and active compassion.

If a man can comfortably be a mental robot, let him be comfortable. If a prophet cannot find some humble corner in the church, let him take to the open air and support himself by some other trade. But there is still a small place in the church for prophets who also have tact. Such a place leaves a man free time to read and dream.

A Glimpse at George Bernard Shaw

GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

Some people say "O, Pshaw!" and close their minds to any further consideration of the man whose life and activities have covered and colored almost half of the nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth. History records scarcely any other name that has for so long a time maintained an actual and progressive output of both thought and practical effort in the affairs of men in any field.

The calendar tells the story, and from it there is no appeal. It was in April, 1875, that Shaw published a letter in *Public Opinion,* Dublin, declaring that Moody and Sankey, who were then holding revival meetings in his native city, used ignorance, superstition, emotion, and strained nerves to secure their so-called religious effects; and that their methods tended to "make their converts objectionable members of society"; G.B.S. was just nineteen then. It is a long leap of seventy-one years to mid-1946 and early 1947, when Shaw in his ninety-first year speaks out against the bombing of Hiroshima, advises the U.S.A. to elect Henry A. Wallace president, and sees his own *Androcles and the Lion* (written in 1912) reproduced in New York as the chief Christmas play of 1946. This jewelled cutting of the forefinger of time may not prove Shaw's evolutionary theory of *Back to Methuselah,* but it does look very much as if Methuselah had taken things into his own hands in the person of G. B. Shaw now still alive and, doubtless, as my pencil touches paper, having his evening meal of carrots at Ayot St. Lawrence, forty miles from London. It also substantiates the *bon mot* of a critic-friend who remarked not long ago, "I have often wished that Shaw had never been born; now my hope is that he will never die." And it makes truly factual the summary by another that "G.B.S. cannot be called the Grand Old Man; he is the Grand Old Boy."

But it is not time alone that has made Shaw a dilemma. It is he who has made himself a quandary and an enigma to the public, and even to many of his admirers. It was G. K. Chesterton who said, "Many people read Shaw but declare that they don't understand him; I thoroughly understand him and entirely disagree with him." Not without meaning does Professor Burton call him "The Man With a Mask." Such a verdict is found prefigured in Shaw's own words, "A deep strangeness has made me all my life a sojourner on this planet rather than a native of it. Whether it be that I was born mad or a little too sane, my kingdom was not of this world; I was at home only in the realm of the imagination, and at my ease only with the mighty dead. Therefore I had to become an actor, and create for myself a fantastic personality. When I had to come out of the realm of the imagination into that of actuality, I was still uncomfortable. I was outside society, outside politics, outside sport, outside the church. If the term had been then invented I should have been called The Complete Outsider. The moment music, painting, literature, or science came into question the positions were reversed. It was I who was the insider. I had the intellectual habit; and my natural combination of critical faculty with literary resource needed only a clear comprehension of life in the light of an intelligible theory, in short a religion, to set it in triumphant operation."

This is certainly nothing else than the molder of the mask veritably at work in his studio; we can almost press the damp clay with our own fingers. And yet it was something else, too, for in making his mask Shaw discovered and created his own reality. He chose, almost by force, to be an actor; as he played his part or "lines" he found that the "part" was the real thing, his genuine selfhood. Hesketh Pearson asked him: "Is there any conscious portrait of yourself in any of your plays?" Shaw replied, "No, except the character of G.B.S. in all of them." But he found or created a yet grander reality than himself. He found what many of us call God, but he called it "The Life Force." To that Life Force he traces all things human and divine. To it he has rendered nearly a century of obedience and service. In its felt presence he has captured a surpassing belief and joy in life and remains today perhaps the world's chief optimist. "Life," he says, "happy or unhappy, successful or unsuccessful, is extraordinarily interesting. There is nothing so insufferable as happiness except perhaps unhappiness. The secret of being miserable is to have leisure to bother about whether you are happy or not. The cure for unhappiness is occupation, for occupation means preoccupation; and the preoccupied person is neither happy nor unhappy but simply active and alive."

It is this necessity of making a mask, another word for creating a saving barrier between ourselves and the rawness of nature, the deceits of the world, and the cruelties of experience, that has made Shaw the greatest of modern dramatists and one of the greatest of all time. He took literally Shakespeare's "assume

a virtue if you have it not" and his "all the world's a stage and each man in his life plays many parts." Shaw would say that when a man or woman honestly assumes a role in the drama and plays it honestly, they discover their real selves underneath the part they first took on as a stage act. In this process some would say that Shaw is a poseur, a fakir, a pretender, and that he is advising us all to be mere deceptive footlight people, cheating ourselves and hiding from reality.

But Shaw's meaning is deeper than that. He does not bid us to be made-up dramatists but to play out the actual drama that already exists within us and is native to us. The instinct to "show off" is born in us, and life is nothing but our chance to develop that instinct, the urge to be somebody. This does not mean exhibitionism nor the pride of false display. Rather does it mean that we are seeking to be ourselves in a world that wants to smother us, if it can, beneath conventionalities, suppressions, and hypocrisies. It means, so I read Shaw, that to go on for twenty, forty, seventy years just being our so-called real selves, undecorated, unadorned, unprotected, always rubbing the exposed self up against a granite and unforgiving world, is a destructive and deadly process. The self soon dies of glacier-like monotony and perishes from overuse and unrelenting pressure. But if we assume our part, decorate it with noble ornaments, drape the self in the wonders furnished by nature, by human fellowship, by art, by faith, and by all the unseen galaxy of mystery that surrounds us, then we are more than our natural realistic selves. We have then in fact ceased to be "Man" and have become "Superman." This indeed is the meaning of Shaw's greatest play, so counted, *Man and Superman,* in which the hero, Tanner, is none other than Shaw himself. It is what Shaw meant when he said, "My doctor's investigation of my interior has disclosed the fact that for many years I have been converting the entire stock of energy extractable from my food into pure genius." To reconvert the physical frame of the world and the detailed needs of daily life into the spirit or genius of a released selfhood—this is to redeem the grind of the merely unadorned self and to exchange it for the liberated action of a self entirely new, a spiritual self, or even a "fantastic" self.

For my part I find this idea of Shaw's, this suggestion of a native dramatist hidden in each of us, to be not so far away from Jesus' word, "You must be born again," better born; and not so far away from Paul's theory, "for me to live is Christ; Behold, I die daily." I am not sure that G.B.S. would allow us the use of such authorities; but he comes near to that permission when he writes in regard to his Preface to *Androcles and the Lion,* "I am ready to admit after contemplating the world and nature for nearly sixty years, I see no way out of the world's misery but the way which could have been found by Christ's will if he had undertaken the work of a modern practical statesman."

Shaw sees all mankind as dramatists, playboys if you will, children of the stage engaged in the one great task of inviting nature and The Life Force or God to come near and help us make the play a real one, a true one, a noble one. He wants to tear off our false faces and give to us transfigured countenances that shine with glory because we have talked with The Life Force intimately and have met with reality. Of course in seeking this transformation of the individual and of society he became, had to become, an idol smasher. He was born a Protest-ant or, as the Wesleyan Methodists were then called in Dublin, a Hot Protestant. He has been against more things in his ninety years than he has been for; approval is not his main line; dissent and opposition are his entry cue and his chief weapons. Against eating meat; against all bloodshed even of animals; against war; against the popular conception of marriage; against vivisection; against traditional creeds; against stupid government; against capital punishment—the list is a long one.

But in all his oppositions he has kept his faith in men and his love for them; has retained what Beatrice Webb called "his irresistible charm"; and has compelled many beside Sir Herbert Elgar to say, "Shaw is the kindest and possibly the dearest fellow now on earth." He was persecuted, reviled, hated, especially when in World War I he wrote his pamphlet, "Common Sense and the War"; all doors were closed in his face. He says of himself, "As an ordinary human being I am frankly impossible; even as a variety turn I am only just bearable. My mental and moral superiority are insufferable. Such a preposterous personification of repulsive virtues is impossible. If people didn't laugh at me they couldn't endure me. So my fellow citizens stuff their fingers in their ears and drown my words in senseless cackle."

But nothing has ever made G.B.S. lose his temper. Whether bored by his rehearsals, or heckled at a public meeting, or called a buffoon by the critics, he has often partly agreed with them and always wholly loved them. When he was called a P. T. Barnum of the stage his reply was, "Unless you say things in an irritating way the people will not hear you, since nobody will trouble themselves over anything that does not trouble them." So he courageously played the fool in order to get a hearing, which again is not far away from Paul's daring "to be a fool for Christ's sake."

Naturally, too, G.B.S. is open to the charge of inconsistency; like Walt Whitman he seems to say, "Do I contradict myself; well, then I contradict myself." With his Irish impulsiveness and his literary agility, Shaw often rushed into print to proclaim a new theory or new inspiration, only to change his mind when a newer one came to him; and then had to rush into print with his latest news. He is a better diagnostician than a practicing physician; his cures are fewer and slower than his analyses. His attacks on organized religion often show little knowledge and scantier appreciation of the church's local troubles and her yet insistent meanings. These meanings he often misreads, even as John Henry Newman shows us their misinterpretation in the Kremlin Square, in that inimitable sketch of "Count Potemkin and John Bull." G.B.S. can variously be called the orthodox heretic, for he finally nearly upholds the Athanasian Creed; the man who first dressed in Jaeger flannel, and now dresses in full dress suit for dinner; the anti-marriage Socialist who at the age of forty-two married a rich heiress, Charlotte Payne-Townshend, a marriage that remained for him, the anti-romanticist, the purest and deepest of romances until ended by her death; the man who, at first somewhat pro-German, riddled Hitler as few had done; a scientist who warned against the autocracy of science; a man who hated machinery but adored his auto and his motorcycle; and who now is one of England's most skilled amateur photographers.

His inconsistencies pile up *ad infinitum.* But his reply

is that we live in a real world and are children of our era; also that Fabius, the Roman general of Shaw's favorite Fabian Society, "made haste slowly and won victories by retreating." Shaw's inconsistencies may be a net in which he is entangled but they are not mud in which he sinks. Entirely non-evangelical, yet Pilgrim's Progress influenced him more than any book except the Bible; and just now it is interesting to hear both Shaw and Gen. Jan Smuts say that today they have no time for any reading except the Bible.

Shaw has been called atheist, agnostic, anti-Christian, but his answer comes back, "If the teachings of Jesus were taken seriously we might upset the social order, but we should have a better, safer, happier world than man has yet known."

After all of Shaw's fame and victories had been won, there came one more battle that he had to win or perish. That was the battle of living alone, the hardest of all conflicts. His contemporaries in art, theatre, politics, and life in general, have long ago disappeared and left him to play on the dark stage alone, with no supporting cast. In their various scenes and acts his troupe has vanished; Chesterton, Wells, Barrie, Forbes-Robertson, Henry Irving, Nansen, Rodin, William Morris, Ellen Terry, William Archer, Richard Mansfield, and all the rest; all gone. The only one left is Sidney Webb now Lord Passfield.

But this is not all. Charlotte Payne-Townshend Shaw's death removed, about ten years ago, his only only real companion. At her going he had to face his supreme challenge, the risk of living alone. He accepted the challenge and has won the battle. Still to him is each new day a fresh surprise. He declares that he has more plays to write than he can ever finish. S. Winsten, editor of the Shaw Memorial Volume, says of G.B.S.: "He has acquired the art of living alone. He practices his same routine; he rises early and seldom retires until after midnight; he writes all morning in his garden cottage at Ayot St. Lawrence. He dresses for dinner. Reads. Listens to the radio. And next morning announces 'I have started a new play.' He omits his afternoon rest when the play pushes him! In all of this he is but carrying out his own words, 'I rejoice in life for its own sake. Life is no brief candle for me. It is a splendid torch which I got hold of for a moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before turning it over to future generations.'"

Since his boyhood, George Bernard Shaw's hold upon The Life Force has been tenacious. In seeking us as fellow travelers his grasp has been warm, friendly, and at times presumptive. As brother to four generations of men he says, "My marks and scars I carry with me and my courage I bequeath to him that can get it."

Atomic Power—Ally or Nemesis?

FRANK RICKER

History repeats itself!

Do you remember when your remote ancestor (and mine) Joe Flintskull lost his third mate in one year, his favorite this time, in a forest fire? Do you remember how Joe stood in the mouth of his cave and contemplating the rapid depopulation of the world by this scourge of fire, predicted that before very long man would be extinct and the whole world consumed in angry and uncontrollable flames?

Do you remember when the Roman Emperors first realized the universal appeal of Christianity and the power it appeared to have over its converts, even unto death? They saw in the refusal to bear the Empire's arms, to take the Empire's oath of allegiance to the Emperor as deity, the breaking down of society, the end of civilization. And they decreed the extermination of Christianity before it swept away all respect for law and order and actually established a suicidal anarchy.

Do you remember when Baron Plentypounds in the office of his west-of-England textile mill first faced competition from a lamebrain who had installed steam power in a nearby mill to run machinery? The Baron, wise in the ways of the world, pontificated that such trifling with the laws of God and man would utterly break down economic life, and the masses of the people would surely starve to death if someone did not stop this ruinous trend.

Almost every generation has had some such shock, the intervention of something new to human experience which threatened the established foundations. Reasonable and respected men have sagely announced that the end of the world was obviously at hand unless we turned back to the tried and tested ways. And, from their logic and bias, they were quite right. The world, *as they had known it,* was indeed threatened or already crashing.

And that is where we stand today—in the first wave of uncomprehending awe and fear in the wake of the atomic bomb. Not only Hiroshima and Nagasaki have been blasted, but much of the foundation of our living and our thinking has been swept away. We feel unsure that far more may not be demolished—so much that our future will be uncertain.

As has so often happened, the introduction of such a new factor into our living and thinking has come in its most devastating form. It is destructiveness which has made the first and terrifying impression. Our fear is perfectly natural. Indeed, we would be stupid to try to laugh it off or ignore it.

But we need also the guidance and reassurance of historical experience to preserve our calm and accurate habits of thought and action. History has them. It is the privilege of religion, with its long tradition and its habit of thinking in terms of decades and centuries, to bring that more inclusive view and to put it in its proper setting.

The atom, and the energy it can release, is a natural part of our world. Nothing new has been added to nature. The character and nature of the world has not changed a hair's breadth. This terrific energy has been in the fabric of the world from the day it first took form and became a planet. It is as normal and as natural as water and gasoline engines, as much a natural process as the squeezing of sugar from crushed cane and beets. Atomic energy is as much a part of our environment as we are ourselves; it is equally at home here with us.

Like everything else in the natural world, atomic energy is neutral toward us. Atoms and their power betray neither affection nor hostility toward us. They are utterly indifferent to us. There is no need to fear atom fractions hunting up you as a victim nor seeking

you out for special blessings.

Like everything else in the natural world, atomic energy is subject to the inherent laws of the world. We do not yet fully understand (at least we laymen do not) any particular or special ways of behavior in which atomic energy differs from other forms of energy, save only in its manifold power. But we can fully rely on this, that there is no erraticism or wilfulness in this new discovery. It is dependable in action.

Like everything else in the natural world, atomic energy is potentially subject to our control or to our deliberate self-protection. But for our own conscious and deliberate effort, atomic energy would still be unavailable. Unless we so wish it, no more atomic energy need ever be developed on this planet. It is up to us to control and manipulate. It cannot hurt us unless we let it; it cannot help us unless we will it.

Every former unprecedented and overwhelming threat has proved to be more of a benefactor than a destroyer. This is a sweeping generalization. I believe it is substantially sound. And none of the previous facts is more important. This we need to inquire into, for here is the profitable avenue into the future. How can we so proceed as to insure that the past history of other developments will be repeated now?

Science has made previous developments benefactory, because we have kept science free to discover and implement those discoveries. We have learned that man is unsafe with his fellow man unless both are free and unless science is truly free to most fully serve his welfare. The prostitution of captive, enslaved science has been too often seen in history to leave us with any doubt on that score. It is the man who is free who considers the needs of his fellow men, to serve them. And this point is of profound concern in view of some of the legislation being discussed by the Congress; there are those who would make the cynical assumption that atomic power is destructive only, that scientists can do nothing with it other than make it more destructive, that scientists must therefore be prevented from trying anything else. Here, rather than in atomic energy itself, lies a threat!

A second reason for the beneficial final results of previous discoveries is that we have, in good season, worked out social controls for each whenever any danger was involved. By trial and error, and with ingenuity, we have rendered one after the other safe for our use. In the case of fire, we have set up laws governing its use. We have created fire departments for those cases where law observance is slack or devices fail, and we have created fire insurance to protect us against the grave economic losses which it can cause. With explosives we have strict regulations about storage, transportation, and their employment for any purposes. We have laws governing the use of firearms, motor cars, poisonous fumes, and contaminated water. Before any of these have fulfilled the threat to humanity, we have devised social controls adequate to our protection.

A third reason, which underlies both of the others, is that men have universally derived from their experience a single ethical conclusion, a united conviction, as to the necessity of both freedom and social controls. We are determined that every controllable factor in our environment shall be directed to encourage and advance human welfare. And because our will is united, results are to be expected. Atomic power stands on our threshold. Race-old fears are renewed in us by its threat. Race-old hopes are aroused in us by its promise. The hopes are having a hard time topping the fears. But the demand upon us is a simple one—that we be as true to the genius of human progress as were our ancestors as they met the successive challenges of their time. It is their courage and their results that make possible this day. It is their spirit and faith which will make possible the still better days which atomic power can open to us.

In summary, then, the way to insure that atomic energy shall become our ally rather than our nemesis is to have

A clear view—undistracted by current hysterias and the massive political red herrings of timidity and fear.

A united ethical conviction—on which all else must rest and which is our grandest heritage from the past.

An effective social control—which will give all peoples confidence and security.

A rededication to freedom in the search for truth—without which man stagnates and deserves no better than the calamity-howlers' prophecy of a mole's life and death.

A renewed sense of our oneness with all nature and with all the nations and natural orders which make up the unity we call divine.

We enter a new, an atomic age—whose marvels are not yet disclosed or even realized—but which wise and mature-minded men can make the most golden yet for aspiring humanity.

The Circumstances of Belief

EDMUND A. OPITZ

This is not an age when religion plays a decisive role in the affairs of men. There is, to be sure, a wild chasing after delusion and a grasping of fad which bears the hallmark of primitive religion, but a significant determination of human events by the Church or by a humanism broadly based on Christian values, there is not. The capacity to believe is there, enormous and tasteless. Unsatisfied by what was sufficient for his ancestors, modern man pursues a series of substitutes —or persuades himself that there are none.

It may be that man has outgrown the old myths, but it is evident that he is possessed by the need for new ones. Some he embraces are monstrous, others merely silly. Even the best of them will hardly bear comparison with what was fine in the old. The old beliefs did lend dignity to the role man must play in this swift and solemn enterprise upon which he is embarked. Occasionally they imported grace into his life; and they always incorporated space, giving man a long look fore and aft. The new creeds exhibit either an exclusive preoccupation with the need man shares with the animals for food and shelter—the political and economic creeds; or they concentrate upon the fantastic and the occult. The Saturday church pages of the Los Angeles papers are a thing to be discussed only by an awestruck silence! The character of the new creeds is far beneath that of the old. It is one thing to avail ourselves of improvements and still experience a nostalgia for the old, but this is something other.

The discarding of the humanistic and creedal values of the Church has not followed the mandates of either the intellect or the taste; nor is it plausible to say, as

some have suggested, that mankind is in a moulting period with new growth causing a sloughing off of old vestures. The calibre of the new creeds is proof enough of that. It is not intended to imply that nothing pertinent has been said in criticism of some of the old beliefs or of the manner in which they are cast; it is to remark on the cavalier rejection of the old in favor of such shoddy substitutes. One is curious about the basis on which such rejection is made.

If theology were written in archaic terminology clothed in alien symbolism and imagery available only to antiquarians or scholiasts, that would be one thing. But such is not the case. Traditional Christianity has made an impact on many cultivated modern minds, and these have given plain statements of ancient truths for the modern world. Here is religious truth made available for twentieth century man put into terms which square with his experience. Despite their intrinsic merit these statements are not being given the thoughtful consideration they deserve, while crowds swarm to one ugly ideology and then to another. Within wide limits of temperament and intellect, materials are at hand for a contemporary religious faith, but we are left holding the answers because no one is asking the questions! Modern life is not without its perplexities, but these are not the same perplexities which once beset our kind. Religion then supplied the answers, but the puzzle has changed and the answers no longer fit. Despite his unhappy dilemma, man cannot by a simple act of will throw off his besetting ideologies. He is like a psychotic tortured by his delusional system, caught in the toils of the thing which is of his own manufacture.

For any given way of life there is a characteristic predicament from which man tries to extricate himself. The conduct enforced by circumstances generates appropriate beliefs, sentiments, and attachments. These are devices by which man seeks to come to terms with what he considers most real in his environment; they provide satisfying answers to the wonderings which his situation excites. If the common life is good, if a man's work lies close to his heart giving expression to his many-sided nature, then his creed affirms his life and is an integrating factor in it. Creeds lend an air, a decor, to his everyday life. They enhance its genuine satisfactions, they declare the meaning of its dailiness, they assign the individual and his work to a place in society and in the universe. But if, on the other hand, a man's work is dehumanizing, an affront to human dignity, and a thwarting of many of his deepest instincts, a thing which he boots himself through merely for the sake of wages, then he tends to allow himself to be stuffed full of quackery. It is an anodyne he needs to cover the hurt of the denial of his humanity. If the daily round is drab, monotonous, and tasteless, enhancement of its qualities is the last thing sought. What is wanted is an escape, and this the pseudo-creeds can provide; the more bizarre, the more complete the release. There develops an appetite for the untruth, a passion for mystification and humbug, and a consequent hatred of those who point this out.

There is nothing inherent in truth, giving it the power to get itself believed when the time for it is not ripe. The ideologies which have ousted the old creeds do not possess the attractivenesss which would have enabled them to win out on their own in a free market of ideas. They were accepted much as China accepted opium in 1842—because there was no alternative. As conditions of life changed, the old beliefs no longer pertained and were squeezed out. Into the resulting vacuum were sucked the new ideologies. The old religious answers spoke to man's deepest needs and were part of a milieu which allowed man's genuine self to seek and find expression. The urban industrial worker, on the other hand, is a cog in a way of life which regards him as a labor motor and the needs of his soul as an embarrassment. Things are paramount and especially things in quantity; the way of the machine is the prototype to which men should conform if they are to be good producers. As the machine hits its stride, men become surplus. This new way of life brought its own emotional needs, which in time were subserved by a crop of ideologies. It was a palace revolution in which a troop of jesters assumed the posts once held by the court philosophers.

Mechanism took over, misshaping man to fit its needs; adoration of the machine knew no limits. The organic and the vital had to adjust to the tireless repetition of the machine; life was reduced to mechanical formulae, and men were counted in terms of horsepower. New ways in sociology declared that human events are reducible to a deterministic sequence, predictable, and ultimately controllable. This premise is the starting point of all collectivism. Communism envisages a society whose model is the factory. Man had to find a place in the life of the machine; its claims were paramount and men yielded to them. Life lost much of its savor and spontaneous gaiety, but curiously enough, as work became more drab, monotonous, dulling, and unhuman, so it was more and more exalted into the chief end of man. The circumstances to which man had to accommodate himself left no room for the old creeds, but it bred new ones which fit, and which will continue to fit so long as these circumstances prevail.

It is rather pointless and futile to criticize the new ideologies for their inherent ugliness or to assail men for what is regarded as their apostasy from the old creeds. A man with a club foot wears an ugly and misshapen shoe, not because he likes it but because it fits. To force his foot into a normal shoe would not cure the foot, it would but aggravate matters. First give the foot a more normal shape and then it will naturally adapt a normal shoe. Thus the futility of adorning old creeds in modern dress and placing them at the disposal of people whose way of life is a negation of them. They are not really free to accept or reject them any more than the man with the club foot is free to wear or not to wear a normal shoe. The circumstances of life are paramount; if they are shaped according to man's nature he is free to select or reject a creed on that plane where there actually is freedom of selection. That condition does not now obtain; under machine domination he accepts machine-made ideologies and can do no other. Given the circumstances, the new ideologies serve better than the old creeds.

I have assumed that my readers would agree with me that the older creeds have an intellectual, ethical, and esthetic balance in their favor as opposed to the ideologies of the present day. How then is one to explain the ascendancy of the latter? I have sought an answer in terms of the circumstances man must adjust to. These circumstances are dehumanizing, they subordinate man to things, and they breed appropriate beliefs. If the older creeds are again to assume their rightful place in the life of man, the present circumstances of his life must first change. Once the point is firmly grasped that oil and water will not mix, the person of average sense stops trying. Neither will the old beliefs mix with a machine culture.

The Study Table

A Commune in Palestine

THIEVES IN THE NIGHT. *By Arthur Koestler. New York: The Macmillan Co. 357 pp. $2.75.*

Three novels of merit dealing with Zionist pioneer life in Palestine have enriched American literature within the past decade and a half. The first was Meyer Levin's *Yehuda* (1931); the second, *Song of the Valley* by Sholem Asch (1938), translated from the original Yiddish; and the third, Arthur Koestler's recent *Thieves in the Night.* Those who know Koestler from novels such as *Darkness at Noon* and *Scum of the Earth,* and from his volume of keenly critical essays, *The Yogi and the Commissar,* may rest assured that in his latest novel they have him at his best.

The story deals with the founding of a Jewish communal settlement in Galilee called by the young Zionist pioneers, "Ezra's Tower," and by the neighboring Arabs, "the Hill of the Dogs"; and it traces the gradually unfolding life of the community and its final victory over the opposition of hostile terrain and stubborn Arab resistance during the years 1937-1939 up to the time of the Chamberlain White Paper which was intended to deal a deathblow to all further Zionist hopes and aspirations. The hero is Joseph, half Jewish and half English, whose experiences in the newly organized commune not only reconcile him to life with, and dedication to, his people but also make of him a convert to the cause of that secret underground organization which seeks justice through violence, having been forced to the tragic conclusion that Great Britain had definitely betrayed her mandate and the cause of Zionism.

Here is a grand story magnificently told. The Jewish communal settlement takes life before our eyes with a degree of realism that is just shocking enough to drive home the point that when idealism leads to heroism and selfless devotion it must be based on fundamental realities and not on sentimental vaporings. The conversion of Joseph to the cause of the underground is convincingly motivated, the characters of the story come to life with startling vitality, and the drama that begins so quietly reaches its denouement with the inevitability of a Greek tragedy.

This novel is likely to rank among the best things Koestler has done, and yet this reviewer cannot but sum up his final reaction in these words: "the book will do much harm to the very cause it seeks to serve, i.e., the cause of Zionism," for it is quite obvious that the author is a strong partisan for a Jewish Palestine. What I am saying may sound like so much sentimentalizing and purely subjective rationalizing, but even such non-critical reactions may be worthy of attention. I am sure that this novel will find, among both Jewish and non-Jewish, among Zionist and non-Zionist readers, many friends and staunch defenders, and I am also certain that it will cause much misunderstanding especially among non-Jews, and particularly among non-Zionists.

I am fully prepared to have Christian readers of this novel say, "well, so this is what life in a Jewish communal settlement in Palestine is like? They live like Communists; their men and women associate on the basis of 'free love,' and about the only use they have for religion is to have a rather pathetic peripatetic Rabbi appear at the commune with his *chuppah* to have a few couples go through a marriage ceremony when the pregnancy of several women seems to dictate this minimum of concession to social mores." Now, whether it was Mr. Koestler's intention to draw a picture of communal life in Palestine which cannot but leave in the mind of most non-Jewish and non-Zionist readers such an impression, I do not know; but the simple fact remains that precisely such an impression is bound to be created by a story which, unless the reader is well-informed as regards Zionism in general and the *kibbutzim* in particular, is bound to be misunderstood and misinterpreted. As a matter of fact, in discussing the book with several Rabbis, they expressed the same apprehension that the author had rendered Zionism a disservice in writing a story, in itself thrilling and magnificent, but, as regards the general reader, unfortunately misleading and disturbing. It may, of course, be said by Mr. Koestler, that it is not the artist's business to worry about "reader reaction"; but I am not so sure about that, and I wonder whether any writer is.

Of course, Mr. Koestler does not say anywhere in this novel that all Jews in Palestine live in communal settlements, that all communes tolerate, if not actually endorse, free and easy association among the sexes, that all Zionists in the Holy Land think of religion and its rites as something antiquated and to be used only as a "timely gesture" satisfying the demands of social respectability. None of these things, I am sure, were intended by the author; but I wonder whether most Christian and non-Zionist, and surely all anti-Zionist readers will not read precisely these interpretations into the novel.

Some months ago, the managing editor of *The Christian Century,* an interdenominational Christian weekly that has never been particularly kind to Zionism, sent an editorial to his paper from Palestine where he had spent several weeks. The editorial was captioned "Zion Without God," and it said in so many words that Zionists were today building in Palestine a Jewish civilization without spiritual values and without those moral and social sanctions that religion alone can give. I very much fear that *Thieves in the Night* will confirm in many minds the impression of Jewish life in Palestine given by Paul Hutchinson of *The Christian Century* and will encourage those non-Zionists and anti-Zionists among Christians who are always looking for argument and reason to challenge the program of Palestinian rehabilitation; and there is no charge they would rather level against the *Yishuv* than that it is dominated by Communists and Atheists.

I should be happy indeed to hear that my fears are unfounded, but so far I have good reason to think that I am likely to be right rather than wrong, and for the present my feelings toward this novel vacillate between the sentiments: "a grand book!—but why did you write it?"

KARL M. CHWOROWSKY.

The Real Stefan Zweig

STEFAN ZWEIG. *By Friderike Zweig. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 277 pages. $3.00.*

The reviewing of this important book becomes a very personal matter. As a student, I met Stefan Zweig in Salzburg between the wars. He was then at the height of his power, and liked to talk about America. Later he and I corresponded, and one of the last letters he wrote from Petropolis was regarding my review of his book on Brazil. He was always grateful and humble.

His writings were eagerly read by students and ordinary men and women of many lands. He was fortunate in his translators. It seems to me that he made one great mistake and that came toward the time when he was "going down." This mistake was his forsaking the only woman who really ever understood him. His devoted and talented first wife, Friderike, has now written his biography. All students of the interim between the wars will be grateful to her. Here again live the glories of Salzburg, the beautiful Austrian Tyrol, the giants of the pre-Nazi period, and the social history of times, persons, and places now gone forever.

On February 25, 1942, in Petropolis, Brazil, Stefan Zweig and the woman he tried to protect and care for, died together in a suicide pact. Brazil had already accepted Zweig with sincere appreciation, and his home has since become a literary shrine. But his creative days were over. His last message tells the whole truth:

> After I saw the country of my own language fall, and my spiritual land—Europe—destroying itself, and as I reach the age of sixty, it would require immense strength to reconstruct my life, and my energy is exhausted by long years of peregrination as one without a country. Therefore, I believe it is time to end a life which was dedicated only to spiritual work, considering human liberty and my own as the greatest wealth in the world.

In this last message Zweig courageously speaks as one out of the distant past. An ancient philosopher of Rome or Carthage might have used the identical words. He knew that the thing for which he lived was over; he would not become a burden on others. To the last he wrote in love and friendship to Friderike who had to a great extent made him what he was at his best. His letters reveal her greatness. In the book which she has written, her sensitive modesty prevents her telling all she did for him. But he tells it, and the telling is also a work of art. Let us hope that some day Friderike will publish Zweig's letters. What a treasure his correspondence with Romain Rolland must be! Let us hope it escaped the madness of that futile war. One of the important points about this book is the background of the Second World War: its cruelty, its ruthless folly. Over it all hovers the spirit not only of Stefan Zweig, but also of Romain Rolland; further back hovers the spirit of Tolstoy, whom Zweig loved almost to idolatry. One feels instinctively, as he ponders this vivid book, that the future belongs, not to the demonic elements in the universe, but to these great souls, Tolstoy, Rolland, and Zweig.

CHARLES A. HAWLEY.

Science and Man

THE HUMAN FRONTIER. *By Roger J. Williams. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. 314 pp. $3.00.*

A few years ago Robert Lind wrote a book, *Knowledge for What?,* which was a challenge to the social scientists. Today such a question is of paramount importance, for it is still true that in the field of human relations we cannot put two and two together and get four.

Since Hiroshima, physicists and chemists have come out of their secret laboratories to tell us we must develop a science of living together if we are to live at all. Now a distinguished chemist, Dr. Williams, Director of the Biochemical Institute of the University of Texas has produced a book that is a trumpet call not only to men in his profession, but to physiologists, psychologists, as well as the man in the street. We must know more about ourselves, about individuals. He calls his new science "Humanics": parallel to mechanics, dynamics, etc. He says rightly that the "science of human beings is essential in an age of science." He agrees with Wendell Johnson of the University of Iowa that pre-scientific man cannot build a scientific culture.

All about us we see—and use—the miracles that science has achieved in the material world. Man has split the atom and unleashed the primary energy of the Universe. But we have not yet applied science to the study of man. Our psychologists, physiologists, anthropologists, and bio-chemists must find out how and why we tick. Only by learning the basic truths about man can we hope to solve such immense social problems as marriage, employment, group bigotry—and war. We must cut across the artificial borders that separate the different sciences and study human beings by every available means.

This reviewer is intrigued by the book because the National Conference of Christians and Jews is beginning research in humanics. The Conference is determined to use all that science can teach in the field of human relations; and to use that knowledge to destroy the terrible disease of hate.

There are chapters on "Endocrine Glands and Behavior," "Marriage," "Heredity and Environment," "International Relations," and many others. Dr. Williams enters the age-old argument about heredity and environment, and I think places too much emphasis on heredity. Physiologists and sociologists will probably never agree about that problem.

This is an interesting, a challenging, and a valuable book in the year 2 of the Atomic Age. It is time that we put as much ability and money into the scientific investigation of human beings as we put into the investigation of concrete or Uranium 235.

JAMES M. YARD.

Book Notes

LIGHT FROM THE ANCIENT PAST. *By Jack Finegan. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 500 pp. $5.00.*

Professor Finegan of Iowa State College has given the general reader, as well as the student, an authoritative, connected, and well-illustrated account of the archeological background of the Hebrew-Christian religion. Founded upon ancient sources and the most recent research, this work is a vivid story of early thought and culture; and it is of particular interest to persons who want to know how the Biblical story fits into the wider culture of the lands in which the Hebrew and Christian religions arose.

THE CHALLENGE OF MARRIAGE. *By Rudolf Dreikurs. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Inc. 271 pp. $3.00.*

This is a book for persons who are confused by the problem of love, marriage, and sex—and who is not? Dr. Dreikurs' approach is socio-psychological; and his emphasis is on individual responsibility for personal and group happiness and development. Attitude is given priority over technique. The author is in general accord with the Adlerian psychology. He recognizes distinct life styles, finds in life increasing development, and lays stress on personal interrelationships. These attitudes naturally lead to an optimistic and constructive treatment of subject matter. But there is also in the book the frank facing of the most intimate and controversial problems that are involved in the under-

standing of love, the choosing of a mate, the process of sex, and the carrying out of parental responsibility. Explanatory counsel, and not moralistic preaching, is depended upon to get the best results for individuals and society. *The Challenge of Marriage* deserves the wide reception that it has already received.

CURTIS W. REESE.

Poetry

QUATRAINS. *By Albert Ralph Korn. New York: The Comet Press. 63 pp. $1.00.*

101 INSPIRATIONAL POEMS. *By Jean Connie Keegstra. Grand Rapids, Mich.: Zondervan Publishing House. 92 pp. $2.50.*

INSPIRATIONAL AND DEVOTIONAL VERSE. *Compiled by Bob Jones, Jr. Grand Rapids, Mich.: Zondervan Publishing House. 336 pp. $2.50.*

THE LIGHT IS STILL SHINING IN THE DARKNESS. *By Kirby Page. La Habra, Calif.: Kirby Page. 124 pp. 50 cents.*

HE SPEAKS AGAIN. *By George Parson. Boston: John W. Luce Co. 16 pp. $2.00.*

These five books of verse are fairly representative of the religious poetry that is being published today. Two are original and three are compilations. *Quatrains* is limited to the form designated in the title. The author handles this restricted form with competency and finish, but he never seems to rise above verse into poetry. His themes are moralistic, prosy, and uninspired. It is possible for moralistic writing to be great literature, but it must catch fire with new insight and creative freshness, or suffer the fate of threadbare truisms, which is to attract only those who themselves are trite and unimaginative, which is likely the most of us. The Eddie Guests will outsell the true poets ten to one, at least in their own generations. But they are soon forgotten and easily replaced, while the true poetry is winnowed out and is treasured down the centuries.

He Speaks Again is an attempt to put words into the mouth of Jesus, as he is imagined looking critically upon the movement bearing his name. The mechanics is to have him speak in a spiritualistic seance in our time. The historical interpretation of Mr. Parson is the all-too-simple negativism typical of the free thinkers. He talks of a "Churchly Plot," a "Shameful Scheme," and a "Monstrous Hoax" by which the simple truth of Jesus' human life was contorted into the mythology it has become. The historical study of the development of the Christian mythology shows it to be a natural outgrowth of the supernaturalistic temper of Jesus' own time, and no premeditated plot. Parson appeals again to the abstract virtues of love and brotherhood, symbolized in Jesus, as sufficient to win the new and better life, but it is evident that no abstract ideals will ever solve our concrete and complex human difficulties. Parson's idealism is as naive as his historical criticism. Technically, like most sermons in verse, it fails to rise above prose into poetic intensity.

The anthologies by Keegstra and Jones add little new inspirational verse to the older and more fulsome collections, and what new material they present, such as some efforts of Jones himself, are mediocre and typical of the hymn tunes and religious poetry coming out of fundamentalistic Protestantism. At that it is as good as some of Cardinal Spellman's attempts at poetry. The poetic stream of ultra conservative religion, theologically speaking, seems to be as thin and uninspiring as the doctrines that it echoes.

The contribution of Kirby Page is, as he designates, "30 complete services of worship with Scripture, Hymns, Spirituals, Prose Readings, Poetry, Prayers, and Litanies." Although Page chooses his material with more sensitivity than the other two anthologists, it falls peculiarly flat upon my naturalistic ears. But perhaps my bias makes me an unfairly prejudiced reviewer. He does as well, surely, as any one among the ranks of liberal Protestantism, in selecting and arranging his materials. His emphasis is heavily Christological and theistic. Although he uses a great deal of contemporary material from many of our finest writers, he insists on placing it in the Christian frame of reference. There are welcome emphases upon social themes, services on the beauty of nature and on the arts. It illustrates the heartening advance made in Protestant worship in the last twenty-five years in the direction of a more naturalistic and humanistic conception of the function of worship. But I believe the full poetic and emotional possibilities in such experiences as the appreciation of natural and artistic beauties, of human fellowship and social service are diluted by the wedding of them to a Christian and supernaturalistic context. Those of naturalistic and humanistic persuasion should develop more such material of their own, to illustrate the worship, meditational and aesthetic possibilities in a more radical approach to religious services. The inadequacy of such worship as this of Mr. Page could best be proved with an illustration of the superiority and universality of worship with a base in all the great religions, and in the universe as science is disclosing it. Mr. Page and his kind will hold the stage until we come along with a better script.

KENNETH L. PATTON.

Selected Readings

A BIBLE FOR THE LIBERAL. *Edited by Dagobert D. Runes. Foreword by Lin Yutang. New York: Philosophical Library, Inc. $3.50.*

Dr. Runes has made an interesting selection from eleven contributors to the Christian Bible. Seven of them are from the Old Testament, two from the Apocrypha, and two from the New Testament. The New Testament writings included are Matthew's (Levi) presentation of the Sermon on the Mount and Paul's (Saul) famous chapter on Love, I Corinthians 13.

It is the purpose of the Editor to present the ethical and moral precepts that underlie Christianity without the mythological and questionable historical framework in which so much of it is set. The selections are good. They are of interest and use to the liberal.

Two questions do arise, however. One wonders why that portion of the Epistle of James on faith and works was omitted? Also, why was not a more modern translation than the King James version used?

RANDALL S. HILTON.

In Memoriam

Lydia G. Wentworth passed away Wednesday, March 19, 1947. She will be remembered by readers of UNITY as a frequent contributor to its columns. She was a renowned and courageous liberal crusader and journalist.

Western Conference News

RANDALL S. HILTON, Executive Secretary
700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago 15, Illinois

CONFERENCE TO MEET AT THIRD CHURCH, CHICAGO

The 95th Annual Sessions of the Western Unitarian Conference will be held at the Third Unitarian Church, 301 North Mayfield Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, May 9, 10, and 11, 1947. The program will open with noon luncheons on Friday for the Alliance, ministers, and laymen, and will close Sunday evening with a banquet at the Bismarck Hotel at which the speaker will be Dr. Marshall Dimock, former Assistant Secretary of Labor and currently a member of the faculty of Northwestern University. Besides the business sessions on Friday and Saturday there will be meetings of the Western Branches of the Unitarian Historical Society and the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice. Workshops will be held on visual education and church administration.

At the worship service on Sunday morning the Conference preacher will be Rev. Harold P. Marley of Dayton.

BY-LAWS CHANGE

Copies of the present by-laws and the proposed new by-laws have been sent to the ministers and the Boards of all the churches in the Conference. Revision of the by-laws was made necessary by changes in the Illinois statutes regulating corporations not for profit. Other changes were made to bring the by-laws into line with current practices. Notation of these changes has been made on the draft of the proposed by-laws. Action on them will take place at the first business session Friday afternoon, May 9th. It is hoped that all delegates to the Conference will study them.

APPEAL HONOR ROLL

The national office of the United Unitarian Appeal reports that the following churches in the Western Unitarian Conference met or exceeded their quota by April 15th (the funds already in the hands of the United Unitarian Appeal):

Colorado Springs, Colorado.
Chicago, Third Church.
Chicago, People's Liberal Church.
Des Moines, Iowa.
Detroit, Michigan.
Hinsdale, Illinois.
Hobart, Indiana.
Kansas City, Missouri.
Keokuk, Iowa.
Louisville, First Church.
Kalamazoo, Michigan.
Angora, Minnesota.
Underwood, Minnesota.
Virginia, Minnesota.
Willmar, Minnesota.
St. Louis, Missouri.

TOP THIS

The largest number of members reported to us as having been received by any of our churches during the current church year, that is since September 1st, is sixty-six. All Souls' Unitarian Church of Kansas City reported this number as of April 1st. If you can top it, let us know.

HERESY

Professor C. O. Van Dyke, head of the economics department of William Jewell College (Baptist), Liberty, Missouri, was dismissed from the faculty by President Walter Pope Binns. President Binns stated in his letter of dismissal, "It is solely upon the basis of your religious belief and affiliation that this action is taken."

Professor Van Dyke is a member of the All Souls' Unitarian Church of Kansas City.

PLANK TO PHOENIX

Rev. Laurance R. Plank, who has served Western Conference churches in Duluth, Dayton, Omaha, and St. Louis, has been called to the Unitarian Church of Phoenix, Arizona. He began his ministry there April 1st.

This new church, organized since the first of the year under the leadership of Lon Ray Call, has nearly a hundred charter members and a mailing list of approximately one hundred and fifty. The attendance at the church service on March 23rd was one hundred and seven. The Unitarians have a strong hold in Phoenix.

MINISTERS' MEETING

The midwest Unitarian and Universalist ministers met at Pere Marquette State Park at the junction of the Illinois and Mississippi rivers for a post-Easter Retreat. The major subject of discussion was theological education. Papers were given by Dr. Arthur McDavitt and the Rev. Harold P. Marley.

This meeting was a renewal of a retreat which was discontinued during the war, the last meeting having been held at Turkey Run State Park in Indiana following the Easter of 1942.

ON MORALS FOR MARRIAGE

"Marriage is a life whose peculiar prize, if it is won, is a depth of penetration into personality that goes beyond psychoanalysis or mother-love. It is precisely the element of time, of permanence, which gives it this possibility.

"Marriage owes itself protection against a certain kind of invasion from the world. The materialistic and competitive compulsions of our society are its bitter enemies. We haven't much chance to be either earthly or spiritual, but are suspended most of the time in a void with our feet off the ground and our heads nowhere near the stars. Marriage needs both the slow rhythms of earth, the disregard for time of time itself, and the inspiriting and unearthly flame of daring and unfulfilled purposes.

"We lose the earth in a money chasing pursuit of gadgetry, and we kill the spirit in the consequent battle of life against life, man against man, fortune against fortune."

—*John W. Cyrus.*

TENTH ANNIVERSARY MIDWEST UNITARIAN SUMMER ASSEMBLY, COLLEGE CAMP, WISCONSIN, AUGUST 25-SEPTEMBER 1.